

## His Girl by PlusSizeReader

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Billy and reader have a very black and white relationship, but somewhere along the way, Billy decided to blur that line a little bit and make her his. Includes family related fluff.

## His Girl

You and Billy Hargrove had been, on and off, friends with benefits since he moved with his family to Hawkins, Indiana from California.

That was all it was.

You acknowledge that you thought he was hot, and he clearly had a thing for you but Billy wasn't the kind of guy you ever got close to or could have a future with. He just didn't seem like the kind to want that kind of thing and it didn't bother you.

It wasn't a problem. You had no intention of catching feelings for Billy, or even having to see him before one of your scheduled meet ups, that was why it shocked you to walk down your stairs to see him in your living room, talking to your mom about work.

In fact, it was so shocking that you had to pinch yourself to make sure you were even conscious...which you were. At least you could check one thing off your list, because there was no way that Billy was actually there.

"There she is!" He grinned, finally noticing that you'd come down, turning around to open his arms to you. There was an obvious look on your face, your jaw tense as you tried to understand what he thought he was doing but Billy ignored it, tossing an arm over your shoulder.

Your mom giggled lightly at his action, turning her attention toward you as well. "Y/N, sweetheart, why didn't you tell me about Bill? He's a very nice young man" she smiled, further convincing you that you'd fallen into the twilight zone at some point last night.

Billy Hargrove was a lot of things, but a nice young man was not one of them. Billy could closer relate to an actual garbage fire than the sort of respectable young man that your mother wanted you to be with. If only she knew what you knew about him.

Even still, you laughed, gritting your teeth toward the end. You would have much rather sat through another one of Mr. Clarke's

insanely boring lectures than sit through one more second of this morning.

“What are you doing here?” You whisper yelled, through still gritted teeth, watching your mothers frame as she turned the corner to fetch something from the cupboard. Your eyes locked steadily on Billy’s face as you waited for some kind of explanation.

It so wasn’t cool that he would put you in this situation. Knowing your mom, the whole town would know about you and Billy before the day was over, he had no idea what he had started.

...Except for the fact that he did.

Billy wanted the rest of the town, and all of Indiana to know that he had decided to claim you for his own. He was tired of only seeing you in the middle of the night, or when one of your houses was empty, it wasn’t enough.

No one had ever made Billy feel like he did for you, or handled him as well as you did and he liked it. You had come into his life like an angel, under strange circumstances sure, but you were here now, and he wasn’t going to let the opportunity slip away.

“I just wanted to come see my girl” he allowed, lightly tapping your ass as if to prove his point, though all it did was further escalate your upset. “That’s great, except for the fact that I’m not your girl Hargrove” you hissed, crossing your arms as if to prove your own argument correct.

But you knew it would work. Billy was the sort of man who didn’t take no for an answer and would get what he wanted no matter what it was. He would just work to dissolve your resolve until you finally agreed to take him for your own.

You had a valid point, even Billy had to admit that, but that was what he’d come to change. You had talked about your family a million times, and how much they meant to you so he figured that the best way to prove his feelings to you would be by getting their permission first.

“Not yet” he winked, walking toward the kitchen to help your mom with breakfast, only glancing back once to make sure you were watching him walk away. She accepted his help happily, and continued gushing about how fantastic he was, no matter how much you mentally screamed for her to let go of his hand.

You’d had that hand around your throat a few nights ago and now he was using that same hand to make waffles with your mother. It was a very stressful exchange to just sit back and watch.

Luckily, Billy was quick to end your suffering, even temporarily. “Hey baby, go upstairs and get dressed, I’m gonna take you to the park today” he smiled, waving you off toward the stairs, reminding you that you were still in your pajamas.

So you did what he said, knowing it would get you out of that terribly awkward situation, heading up the stairs two at a time until you were in your room. You didn’t know what the dress code would be for such an event, even if you made it to the park, so you just shrugged on your favorite pair of pants, that made your curves look amazing and your broke in Pink Floyd tee shirt.

It wasn’t a date, you had to keep that in mind but Billy definitely had something planned. Whatever today had in store, you had to tread lightly, because falling in love with a man like Billy wasn’t an option as far as you were concerned.

You’d fallen for your fair share of pretty boys and users in your day and Billy fit the profile of all the rest of them, but this was uncharted territory. You’d never had a boy show up at your house to bond with your mother before, and it had caught you a little off guard...you had to admit that.

The stairs creaked as you made your way down toward whatever dumpster fire was waiting for you but instead of shouting and unpleasantness, your mother was laughing harder than when your father told his nacho cheese joke. It was a strange thing indeed, but in top of the rest of the events of the day, it no longer phased you.

“Lets go” you suggested, already standing by the door with your bag around your shoulder. It was bad enough that your mom liked Billy,

the last thing you needed was for Billy to actually enjoy her company in turn. If that happened, you two would end up married by the end of the day.

Billy got up, without much trouble at all and said his goodbyes to your mother, still in stitches over whatever story he'd told and followed you out to his trans am.

Surprisingly the ride was silent, for the most part, save for the radio bumping lightly and the sound of tires on gravel. He'd been expecting an ear full from the moment he picked you up but there was no point. As far as you were concerned, Billy was just going to take you to his house for a quickie and then you'd be done but that wasn't the case.

By the time the car stopped, you were at the park...just like he'd said you would be. You couldn't help but be a little shocked, something Billy could see in your eyes. "What? I told you I'm serious about this Y/N, I wanna make you my girl" he smiled, offering you his hand which you took cautiously.

When you finally stopped walking, you took a second to look around you. The flowers were full bloomed, and the grass and trees were a vibrant green. There were even kids racing boats on the pond, it was like a scene out of a movie. It was hard to believe that Billy had decided to bring you here but more shocking was the fact he was now holding your hand in his own.

"So what do you say, will you be my girl?" he asked, smiling at you with that sly look in his eyes. Billy knew that he did good, and honestly, there was something charming about how he'd said it. Sure, Billy wasn't perfect by any means but he'd made an effort and if it didn't work, you could just go back to how it was before.

You knew there was a good chance you would regret it, but you nodded, pulling him in to a kiss, your hand still held tightly in his own. You were going to learn very quickly what kind of things came with being Billy Hargrove's girl, his very own little princess.